



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Ex Libris



Thomas Spencer Jerome



828

B7244

2  
ex met  
of

# **The Book of Jade**

100


~~By [illegible]~~

# THE BOOK OF JADE

---



Doxey's  
At the Sign of the Lark  
New York



Copyright  
Doxey's 1901

This edition is limited to six hundred copies,  
of which this is No. 156.



26 Oct. '15- B. E. H.

To the Memory  
of  
Charles Baudelaire



# TABLE

	PAGE
PRELUDE.....	II
PART ONE	
Ashtoreth.....	19
Parfait Amour.....	20
Opium.....	22
Sombre Sonnet.....	23
Languor.....	24
Ennui.....	25
Litany.....	26
Harvard.....	28
Pride.....	29
Song of Golden Youth.....	30
Mais Moi Je Vis La Vie En Rouge.....	32
Louanges D'Elle.....	34
Hélas.....	35
Sonnet.....	36
Sonnet.....	37

# TABLE

	PAGE
Rondeau .....	38
Autumn Song.....	39
Ballad.....	40
Changelessness.....	42
Madonna.....	43
Poppy Song.....	44
Consolation.....	47
Liebes-Tod.....	48
Evening Song.....	50
Song of the Stars in Praise of Her.....	52
Aubade.....	54
Remember.....	56
Song.....	57
Song.....	58
Constancy.....	59
Requiem.....	60
Autumn Burial.....	62
Sonnet of Burial.....	64
Nocturne.....	65

# TABLE

## PART TWO

	PAGE
Mad Sonnet.....	75
The House of Youth.....	76
De Profundis.....	78
Prayer.....	80
Sestettes.....	82
Sonnet of the Instruments of Death.....	85
Truth.....	86
Hegel.....	87
Monotony.....	88
Sepulture.....	89
Miserrimus.....	90
Scorn.....	91
The Grave.....	92
Mummy.....	94
Sepulchral Life.....	95

## *TABLE*

	PAGE
Corpse .....	96
Mankind .....	97
The Defilers.....	98
The Grotesques.....	99
Dead Dialogue.....	103
Fragments .....	108
Envoi .....	117
POSTLUDE.....	123
Dedication.....	129

## PRELUDE

*I am a little tired of all things mortal;  
I see through half-shut eyelids languorous  
The old monotonous  
Gold sun set slowly through the western portal,  
Where I recline upon my deep dîwân,  
In Ispahân.*

*I am a little weary of the Persian  
Girl that I lov'd; I am quite tir'd of love;  
And I am weary of  
The smoking censers, and the sweet diversion  
Of stroking Leila's jasmine-scented hair,  
I thought so fair.*

*At last I think I am quite tired of beauty;  
Why do the stars shine always in the sky?  
I think if I might die,  
Something more sweet, less tiring than the duty  
Of kissing her, might be; I am tired of myrrh,  
And kissing her.*

## PRELUDE

*Khaled, come, come, and slowly move the scented  
Gold narghilé away; let the byres cease.  
And now a little peace!  
For see, moon-faced Leila hath repented  
Of singing Hafiz' songs melodiously,  
And languidly.*

*Surely all things are vain, and great thanksgiving  
Is due not; surely all things now are vain;  
And all my heart is fain  
Of something, something, far too great for living;  
Nothing is very sad, nor wonderful,  
Nor beautiful.*

*Well now, since all things are not worth the winning,  
Goodbye! With these I have a little play'd;  
And once, alas, I pray'd  
That gorgeous, golden sins be mine for sinning;  
But now I would not leave my palanquin  
For any sin.*

*And long ago I prov'd in great compassion  
For man, that Brahm is not nor ever was;  
But now, alas, alas*



## PRELUDE

*I would he were, that in the olden fashion  
I might laugh once again ere all is said;  
But Brahm is dead.*

*Then with philosophy I bor'd me duly;  
And since I could not slumber all the time,  
I, in sweet golden rhyme,  
On white papyrus scented with patchouli  
Wrote masterpieces starry-beautiful.  
The earth was full.*

*So beauty wearied me; in order slowly  
Love, Joy, and Victory came unto me;  
I kiss'd them languidly;  
'And Virtue came, and Duty, stiff and holy;  
To these I said—Pray come another day;  
'And turn'd away.*

*Now since of all I am a little weary,  
And since on earth I must a while sojourn,  
And since a while must burn  
The censer of my long existence dreary,  
'All things shall walk, that own my mastery,  
In luxury.*

## PRELUDE

*My Ennui shall in vestments falling lowly,  
Stiff, purple, trailing, long, episcopal  
Sweep through her palace hall,  
Like to a consecrated bishop holy;  
My Sin from golden goblets of Byzant  
Shall drink absinthe.*

*And my gold-crowned wanton goddess Pleasure,  
(My candles are all burning at her shrine)  
Shall be made drunk with wine,  
And walk unto the velvet-falling measure  
Of golden-voiced, solemn-sounding shawms.  
No rhyme for shawms.*

*All they that wait upon me in my glory,  
My purple Pride, and my Luxuriousness,  
And my Voluptuousness,  
Shall show within their faces transitory  
Something more subtile than all life can give,  
While I shall live. . .*

*Ah, all is liv'd, all eaten, all is drunken!  
Soul, is there anything now left for thee  
Excepting sanctity?*

## PRELUDE

*Nay, ev'n we too have been in virtue sunken,  
We have been holy priest, we have confess'd,  
Said, Missa Est.*

*I have drunk out of heavy goblets golden,  
As from some hellish tabernaculum  
Cannabis, conium;  
I know quite all the poisons, all the olden  
Sins, all the ténébreux dark secrets hid,  
And things forbid.*

*I have had all things unto mortals given,  
I all the women, all the passion I,  
All the satiety;  
I have had all the pleasures known in heaven,  
Paradisiacal, purpureal,  
Exstactical.*

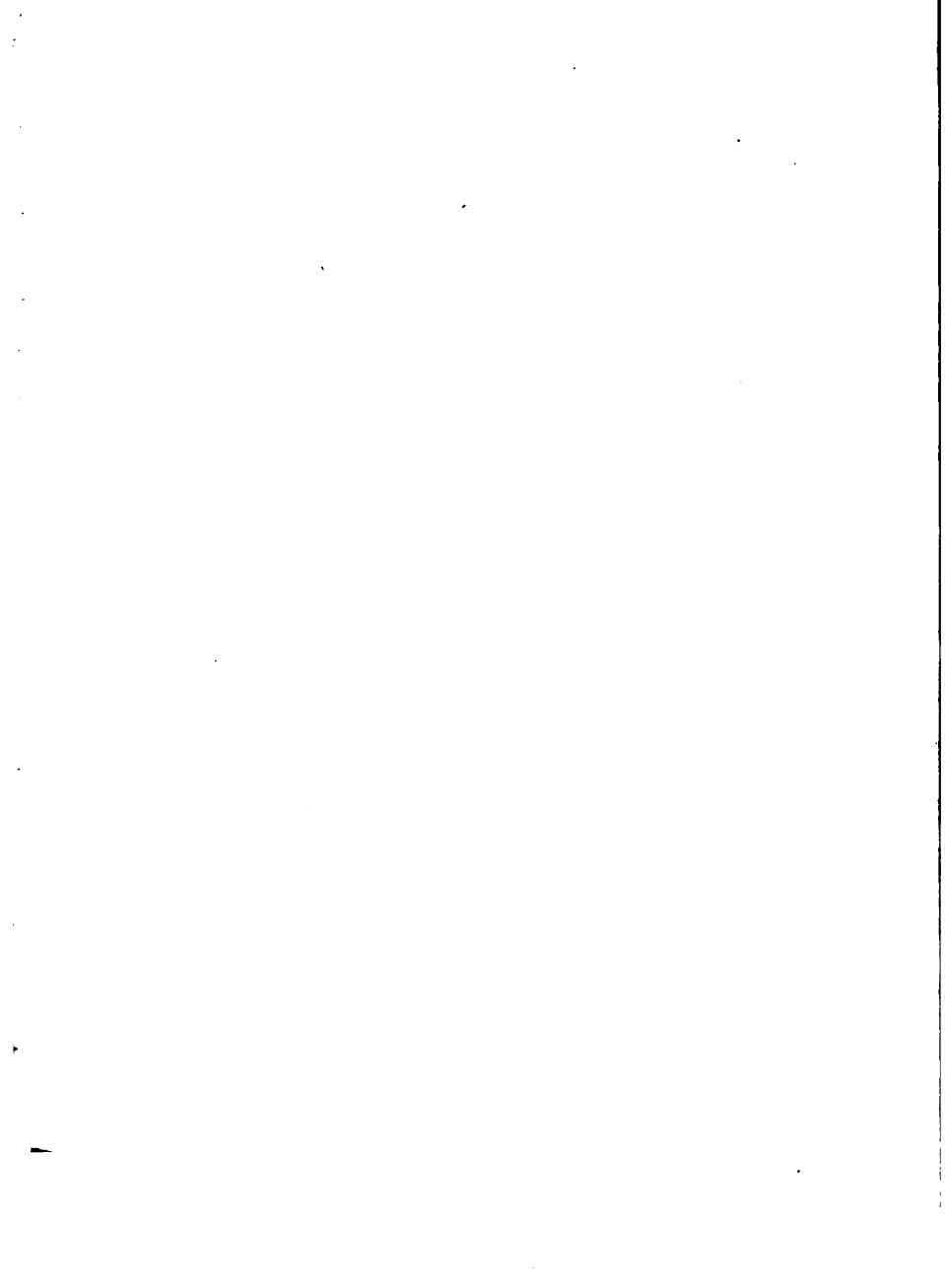
*With all the sciences I am acquainted,  
Alas! I know quite all the languages,  
All the philosophies,  
Alas! and all the pictures that are painted,  
And all the palac'd capitals that be  
Have wearied me.*

## PRELUDE

*Alas, all art, all knowledge, and all passion  
I have had: I have heard all the symphonies;  
I have sail'd all the seas;  
I have drain'd all life's cup in languid fashion;  
And I am come to Persiä again,  
Land of cocagne.*

# **The Book of Jade**

## **PART ONE**



## ASHTORETH.

In thy blue pallid gown that shimmereth  
So pale thou standest in the wan moonlight,  
Where the gold censer near thy body white  
Wraps thee around with its perfumed breath ;

So wan thy high tiara glimmereth  
Above thy mystical far eyes of light,  
Thou seemest some dead goddess of the night,  
O starry love, O changeless Ashtoreth.

Pallid thou standest in thy divinity,  
Like some moon-idol of the buried time,  
Before whose face priests sing in solemn chime.

So I prostrate before thy deity,  
Unto thy face have solemn praises sung,  
And in my hands a golden censer swung.

## PARFAIT AMOUR

It is not that thy face is fair  
As dying sunsets are,  
Nor that thy lovely eyelids wear  
The splendour of a star ;  
Tis the deep sadness of thine eyes  
Hath my heart captive led,  
And that within thy soul I prize  
The calmness of the dead.

O holy love, O fair white face,  
O sweet lost soul of thine !  
Thy bosom is an altar-place,  
Thy kisses holy wine ;  
Sweet incense offer'd for my bliss  
Is thy corrupted breath,  
And on thy stained lips I kiss  
The holy lips of Death !



*PARFAIT AMOUR*

Wherefore because thy heart is all  
    Fill'd full of mournfulness,  
And thy gold head as with a pall  
    Hung o'er with sinfulness;  
Because thy soul is utterly  
    Sinful unto the core—  
Therefore my heart is bound to thee,  
    Dear love, forevermore!

## OPIUM

Naught is more sweet than gently to let dream  
The pallid flower of life asleep away ;  
Where the dim censer sends up far from day  
Unceasingly its still-ascending stream,

O where the air winds its myrrh-scented steam  
About thy naked body's disarray,  
Shall not today's gold to thy shut eyes seem  
Born and forgot in the dead ages gray?

Sunk from life's mournful loud processional,  
For thee shall not with high uplifted urn  
The Night pour out dreams that awake and say,

—We were, O pallid maiden vespereal,  
Before the world ; we also in our turn  
By the vain morning gold scatter'd away.

## SOMBRE SONNET

I love all sombre and autumnal things,  
Regal and mournful and funereal,  
Things strange and curious and majestic,  
Whereto a solemn savor of death clings:

Coerulian serpents mark'd with azure rings;  
Awful cathedrals where rich shadows fall;  
Hoarse symphonies sepulchral as a pall;  
Mad crimes adorn'd with bestial blazonings.

Therefore I love thee more than aught that dies,  
Within whose subtile beauty slumbereth  
The twain solemnity of life and death;

Therefore I sit beside thee far from day  
And look into thy holy eyes alway,  
Thy desolate eyes, thine unillumin'd eyes.

## LANGUOR

Although thy face be whiter than the dawn,  
Fairer than aught the dawning hath descried,  
Hast thou not now, O dear love deified,  
Enough of kisses upon thy forehead wan?

The days and nights, like beads to pray upon,  
Pass by before our eyes and not abide,  
And so these things shall be till we have died,  
Until our bodies to the earth are gone.

I think how pleasant such a thing must be,  
That all thy lovely limbs should fall away,  
And drop to nothing in their soft decay.

Then may thy buried body turn to me,  
With new love on thy changed lips like fire,  
And kiss me with a kiss that shall not tire.

## ENNUI

I sat in tall Gomorrah on a day,  
Boring myself with solitude and dreams,  
When, like strange priests, with sacerdotal tread,  
The seven mortal sins, in rich array,

Came in and knelt: one old, and weak, and gray,  
One that was shrouded like a person dead,  
And one whose robes cast reddish-purple gleams  
Upon her scornful face at peace alway.

They swung before me amschirs of strange gold,  
And one most beautiful began to pray,  
Dreamily garmented in pallid blue.

But I said only—I have dream'd of you.  
Naught really is; all things are very old,  
And very foolish. Please to go away.

## LITANY.

All the authors that there are bore Me;  
All the philosophies bore Me;  
All the statues and all the temples bore Me;

—All the authors that there are bore Thee;  
All the philosophies bore Thee;  
All the statues and all the temples bore Thee.

All the women of the earth weary Me;  
The fruit of the vine wearieeth Me;  
All the symphonies weary Me.

—All the women of the earth weary Thee;  
The fruit of the vine wearieeth Thee;  
All the symphonies weary Thee.

Victory and defeat fatigue Me;  
Gladness and sorrowing fatigue Me;  
Life and death fatigue Me.

—Victory and defeat fatigue Thee;  
Gladness and sorrowing fatigue Thee;  
Life and death fatigue Thee.

## LITANY

The earth and the heavens weary Me;  
The sun by day and the moon by night weary Me;  
All the great stars of heaven weary Me.

—The earth and the heavens weary Thee;  
The sun by day and the moon by night weary Thee;  
All the great stars of heaven weary Thee.

The glorious company of the Apostles tireth Me;  
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets tireth Me;  
The noble army of Martyrs tireth Me.

—The glorious company of the Apostles tireth Thee;  
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets tireth Thee;  
The noble army of Martyrs tireth Thee.

All the race of men weary Me;  
The Cherubim and the Seraphim weary Me;  
Myself wearieth Me.

—All the race of men weary Thee;  
The Cherubim and the Seraphim weary Thee;  
Thyself wearieth Thee.

## HARVARD

### ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST YEAR

Tired Muse, put faded roses on thy brow,  
Put thy bare arms about the harp, and sing:  
—I am a little bor'd with everything.  
Past the clos'd jealousies the mlengkas go;

They are not beautiful; no Greek they know;  
They go about and howl and make a fuss;  
I gaze through *sâd-shap'd* eyelids languorous,  
Far off from Ispahan where roses blow.

Professors sit on lofty stools upcurl'd,  
Through Yankee noses drooling all day long;  
I find all these things quite ridiculous.

Before despis'd old age comes over us,  
Let us step into the great world ere long.  
We shall be very grand in the great world!



## PRIDE

They come and go, they pass before my soul,  
Desire and Love, weak Anguish and Distress,  
Shame and Despair : in phantom crowds they press,  
Life's poor processional, Time's lowly dole.

Mournful their voices as slow bells that toll,  
Voices of them that curse and do not bless ;  
Ineffable things wrapp'd round with loathsomeness,  
The deeds that I have done in Fate's control.

They leer and moan, they shriek and threat and lower,  
Ignoble faces that the sky do mar ;  
My changeless soul from her high pride of power

Looks down unmov'd. So the calm evening star  
Upon the wallowing peaceless sea looks down,  
Set far aloft within the heaven's crown.

## SONG OF GOLDEN YOUTH

Quelle bêtise ! O Muse, no longer lappt in sadness let us  
lie,

Bring the jars of old Falernum, bring the roses ere  
they die !

I love laughter, I love kisses, I love Lili, I love love,  
But these dingy funeral dirges ennuyer us by-and-by ;  
Fellows, disinvoltamente, when the lords of life depart,  
Lift the wine-cup to your haughty lips, and sing, Good-  
bye, goodbye !

We have laughter on our lips, and in our hearts the  
laughing spring,

Nothing greatly can afflict us, nor our spirits mortify ;  
All the laws and regulations under scornful feet we tread,  
We laugh loud at all the virtues underneath the shining  
sky ;

I have heard, when haughty Tarquin did his horrid deed  
of sin,

That Lucretia's lily fingers slapp'd his face vivaciously ;  
Though of all my life dear Lili make a gay dégringolade,  
Yet to my ennui doth Lili sing an endless lullaby ;  
We are Greeks and we are Tartars, we know all the  
languages,

## SONG OF GOLDEN YOUTH

To the girls of Persia, India, China, we know how to sigh;  
If the heartless heart of Lili tediously cruel prove,  
Go and dance the tarantella with the girls of Hôkusai!  
In the golden-cited world from Paris unto Tokiô  
We are quite at home, we saunter languidly through tall  
Shanghai;

Chairete! the shaw of rosy Persia is a gentleman,  
Charming people in Benares where the Ganges loiters by;  
Allah akbar! O great world, O golden-tower'd cities gay,  
Into all your gates with laughter and with roses enter I!

Kalliste, your Persian ghazal cease to sing: the sun is low,  
And the sacred hour of absinthe now is very very nigh.

## MAIS MOI JE VIS LA VIE EN ROUGE

Your soul is like a purple flower,  
    Mary, whose eyes are amethyst,  
    Whose lips are like red wine when kist,  
With sweet life and sweet death for dower;  
There are who will have none of these,  
    Who walk in peace all day upright,  
And in the night pray on their knees—  
    The pleasures of the life in white.

All cloth'd with virtues manifold  
    Are these—their souls are like white snow;  
    Fair love, around thy heart I know  
My heart is bound with chains of gold.  
Sweet youths whose life is in the spring,  
    The water is all wine they drink,  
They sorrow not at anything—  
    The pleasures of the life in pink.

Your gold hair's like an aureole,  
    Your lips are gold wine bought and sold,  
    Pure golden kisses bought for gold;  
Each breast is like a golden bowl.

*MAIS MOI JE VIS LA VIE EN ROUGE*

These things are for a scorn to those  
That read great books both night and day,  
That say, Joy dieth as the rose—  
The pleasures of the life in gray.

Sweet youths, white ladies, scholars sour,  
Rejoice, and hasten on your way;  
Mary, whose skin is white as whey,  
Your soul is like a purple flower.

## LOUANGES D'ELLE

—O Muse of mine that sittest orientally  
With a green emerald snake about the waist of thee,  
With henna-tinted feet, and almond eyes that dream,  
Put down the opium-pipe of jade and ivory,  
For she that is most fair is fain to hear thy song :  
Awake, O Muse, and sing her praises solemnly,  
That to the laughing heart of California  
Hath added all the grace of France and Italy ;  
She who, to put to sleep my pitiless ennui  
Is come from distant Paris and from Varsovie ;  
Athens is in her heart, and Paris in her eyes,  
Dear European angel from beyond the sea !

—There is no use to sing ; she is not to be sung ;  
What mortal praise can come unto her glory near ?  
And she hath quite forgot her natal English tongue ;  
She is too far, too high, thy languid praise to hear,  
Too delicate, too strange, too wicked, too divine,  
Too heavenly, too sweet, too bad, too fair, too dear !  
*'N'est-elle pas l'oasis où tu rêves et la gourde  
Où tu humes à longs traits le vin du souvenir ?'*

## HÉLAS

—Why sittest thou, O Muse, in grief enfolden?  
—Thou hast me promis'd jewels rich and rare  
To wear within my hair;  
And for my slaves the kings of kingdoms olden;

And to abide in lofty castles golden,  
Because I am most fair.  
And lo, I have no sandals for my feet,  
And little bread to eat.

Of that far golden Irem I am dreaming,  
Whence for few kisses I did follow thee;  
Fair is that spot to see,

With far-off waving palms and towers gleaming;  
Great deserts round that isle of blissful seeming  
Lie stretching endlessly.

## SONNET.

When I contemplate how my state is low,  
And how my pride that had the earth for throne  
In this dark city sitteth all alone,  
My heart is fain for death to end its woe;

Then when I think how all the great below  
Had only sorrow and grief through all their days,  
I, that with these shall some time stand in place,  
My fortune like their bitter fortune know.

Among whom also holy Baudelaire,  
Though unto him the loftiest lot was given  
To hear the blessed muses sing in heaven,

Past his few days in anguish and despair;  
Yet did he not bow down his mournful head  
Until Peace found him in his glory dead.

So thou in this low lair,  
Although in sorrow and grief thou dost remain,  
Though of all things whereof thy soul was fain  
Remaineth only pain,  
Yet be not thou, O soul, disconsolate:  
Forget not thou thy far-exalted state.



## SONNET

Be not cast down my heart, and be not sad,  
That thou like common men must sorrow know ;  
Not only they that live and die below,  
But ev'n the gods thy supreme sorrow had ;

Not unto Tammuz was this fortune given,  
Not to know grief ; whom starry Ashtoreth  
Sought through the seven-gated realm of death,  
Far from the great moon and the stars of heaven.

Osiris also could not but to die ;  
He reigneth king among the perisht dead ;  
And Christ, when his long grief was finished,

Hid his great glory in the lowly ground.  
All these had sorrow, that were great and high ;  
These also were august, these also crown'd.

## RONDEAU

As shadows pass, in the misty night,  
Over the wan and moonlit grass,  
So passeth our glory out of sight,  
As shadows pass.

A little darkness, a little light,  
Sorrow and gladness, a weary mass,  
Glimmer and falter and pass in blight.

So all our life, in waning flight,  
Fadeth and faltereth, alas ;  
Passeth our sorrow and our delight,  
As shadows pass.

## AUTUMN SONG

Weep, far autumnal skies,  
Shrouded in misty air;  
Weep, for thy solemn dearth,  
And for thy chill despair,  
Earth.

O stricken forest-trees,  
Dead leaves that falter down  
Solemnly to your sleep,  
Golden, and red, and brown,  
Weep.

## BALLAD

The lady rode 'neath the strange sky's pall  
Through the leafy woods funereal,  
And all the length of her moonlit way  
Was wanly white as the light of day ;  
Solemnly rob'd she rode along,  
Unmindful of their droning throng  
That throng'd her shadowy path, alas,  
As though to see her funeral pass ;  
So through the mournful forest slow  
Her palfrey's silken feet did go,  
Bearing her solemnly like a god  
Over the shadow-haunted sod ;  
She laught to see the dead desire  
That even now her life should tire,  
She laught to think that to the earth  
They call'd her that was full of mirth,  
And though before her horse's head  
Throng'd the wan legions of the dead  
Wanly attempting to stop her way,  
She halted not for their legions gray,  
But rode through the midnight's mystic noon  
Under the far gaze of the moon.

## *BALLAD*

Then out from the dying woods at last  
Into the moonlit plain she passt ;  
The misty stars were almost dead  
Sunk in the heavens overhead,  
While low down in the solemn skies  
The white moon wan'd as one that dies.  
Solemnly through the misty air  
She rode with gold gems in her hair ;  
Bright were her holy eyes divine,  
And red her lips as the red red wine.  
At last in the unceasing night  
Down from her palfrey she doth alight  
By the strange murmuring of the sea ;  
She climbs the tall stair fearlessly,  
And cometh at last to her chamber high  
Beneath the wide face of the sky.  
At last her journey being done,  
She hath her golden stays undone,  
And being a little wearied,  
Hath laid her naked on her bed,  
Thinking to slumber like the dead.

## CHANGELESSNESS

When Death shall touch thy body beautiful,  
And thou that art of all the earth most fair  
Shalt close thine eyes upon the shining air,  
An unadorned gold urn to make full ;

When that thou liest quietly inurn'd  
In the dark bosom of the earth divine,  
Being turned unto a heap of ashes fine,  
For love of whose white face all men have burn'd ;

Then in the earth, O beautiful white love,  
Thy beauty shall not wholly end and cease,  
When that thou art gone to endless peace ;

Though all things beneath the sky above  
Fade away, it knoweth not to die,  
But abideth changeless endlessly.

## MADONNA

'Anguish and Mourning are as gold to her ;  
She weareth Pain upon her as a gem,  
And on her head Grief like a diadem ;  
And as with frankincense and tropic myrrh

Her face is fragrant made with utter Woe ;  
And on her purple gorgeous garment's hem  
Madness and Death and all the ways of them  
Emblazoned in strange carousal show.

Within her delicate face are all things met,  
And all the sad years and the dolorous days  
Are but as jewels round her forehead set,

Add but a little glory to her face,  
A little languor to her half-clos'd eyes,  
That smile so strangely under the far skies.

## POPPY SONG

O poppy-buds, that in the golden air  
Wave heavy hanging censers of delight,  
Give me an anodyne for my despair ;

O crimson poppy-blooms, O golden blight,  
O careless drunken heavy poppy-flowers,  
Make that the day for me be as the night.

Give me to lie down in your drowsy bowers,  
That having breathed of your rich perfume,  
My soul may have all-rest through all the hours ;

So shall I lie within my little room,  
While the poor tyrants of the world go by,  
Restfully shrouded in your velvet gloom,  
Beneath the wide face of the cloudless sky.

—Even so, when thou shalt eat of us,  
Even so, thy life shall be a sleep,  
Empty of all things fierce and piteous ;  
Even as a sailor on the tossing deep  
Hears vaguely the vain tumult on the shore,  
Shouts of the fighters, songs of them that reap.

Life is all vanity, a loathed sore,  
A scatter'd dust, a vain and soiled heap.—  
Thou shalt have golden rest forevermore.



## POPPY SONG

O poppy-flowers, golden, sleepy, sweet,  
O yellow tawny fading blooms of gold,  
Give unto me your holy fruit to eat ;  
    Make me forget all things above the mould ;  
Make me forget that dolorous vow that sears,  
Not to be lesser than the great of old ;  
    Make me forget the heavy old dead years,  
And all that lives from out the writhing past,  
Old struggles, dead ambitions, buried tears ;  
    And that white face that I shall see the last.

—Sweet is forgetfulness, most sweet to lie,  
Sunken from sorrow, in our pleasant vale,  
Where but the sun shines, and the clouds go by ;  
    Even as to them that through deep waters sail  
The toiling shore fades and becomes a sky,  
And evermore behind the billows fail.

Sweet to forget the death-like things that were,  
Green pastures where the clouds sail by on high,  
Dead sundawns over pathless prairies fair,  
    And suns long sunk beneath the wall of the sky.

Under the sun my spirit lies alone,  
Drunken with slumber and mild ecstasy . . .

## POPPY SONG

Sleep, sweet sleep, long unto mine eyes unknown.  
Drops on me as ripe fruit drops from a tree;  
My dim eyes see the valley poppy-strown;  
The clouds fade and the gold sun over me,  
And the world's murmur sounds within my lair  
Like the far tossing of some infinite sea;  
Within the heavy slumber-laden air  
All fades, all fades, and grows afar afar,  
Leaving my soul alone, empty of care,  
Even as happy long-dead bodies are.  
Even so I slumber in my tireless close,  
While the whole world fades like a fading star,  
Dies like the perfume of a dying rose.

## CONSOLATION

Among all sorrows that my heart hath known,  
Among all sorrows that my spirit keep  
Forever buried 'neath their mountains steep,  
Standeth one consolation, one alone.

I know that earth shall be for death a throne,  
And evermore within their burials deep  
The banded nations of the earth shall sleep,  
Sunken in sepulchres of sculptur'd stone.

Then all the world shall be a quietness :  
Dead women beautiful with their delights ;  
All they that had such striving and distress,

And endless weariness in all the lands,  
White faces, eager heart-strings, soiled hands ;  
And peace shall hold the valleys and the heights.

## LIEBES-TOD

### I

Thy splendour-lighted face before mine eyes  
Shines like a flaming sunset evermore ;  
Thee only I behold on the earth's floor,  
Thee only I behold within the skies ;

Thy coming on is like a conqueror,  
Before thy footsteps the world's glory dies,  
Within mine ears thy voice doth ever rise  
Like a loud ocean beating on the shore.

Thou art made kindred with eternity,  
Daughter of glory, daughter of consolations ;  
Thy face is set above the constellations ;

Of Death ! O love ! be I made one with thee,  
That on thy holy lips and in thy love  
The world may perish and the light thereof !

## *LIEBES-TOD*

### II

Lo, now my life is gone unto eclipse  
Upon thy perilous bosom ; lo, I die,  
Faint with the utter whole of exstasy,  
With unassuaged lips against thy lips,

That can give no more joy ; lo, at the place  
Of utter joy, lo, at joy's far-off throne,  
Which none shall reach, with eyes now weary grown,  
I lie slain at its utmost golden base.

Yea, we have call'd the white stars to behold  
Our pale and fainting faces sick with joy ;  
O regal lips that shall death's sting destroy,

I have suck'd bare life's cup upon thy breath !  
Kiss me to death ! Lo, now our lips are cold,  
Wilt thou not bring new joy, O Death, O Death ?

## EVENING SONG

Lo, all the passionate pale evening  
I lay between the breasts of my beloved,  
Among the lilies, in the lily garden.  
The sky was pale, and all the sunset faded,  
And all the stars I saw not in the heaven,  
Because the glory of her face above me  
I saw alone, wrapt in a dream of slumber ;  
And lo, she was more fair than all the lilies,  
Among the lilies, in the lily garden.  
And all her hair was golden chains to bind me,  
And all her mouth was crimson fire to burn me,  
And all the world became as wind before me,  
But as the wind before her face that passes,  
Among the lilies, in the lily garden.  
And lo, her face was fairer than the stars are,  
And lo, her breasts were whiter than the moon is,  
Whiter than the moon, and tipp'd with crimson coral.  
And low she bow'd her body, low before me,  
And gave me of her joy unto fulfilling :  
She bow'd her head whereto the stars do homage,  
Before whose face the years wax dim and fading,

### *EVENING SONG*

Before whose eyes the ages pass and vanish ;  
Bow'd her low down before me like a lily,  
Among the lilies, in the lily garden.  
And now at last I care not if the morning  
Come at all, or the pale stars have setting,  
Nay I care not if the whole world perish,  
Perish and die, or if the white stars falter,  
Nay I care not if the night forever  
Hold me by her, and all things have ceasing ;  
Yea, because her lips are more than roses,  
Yea, because her breasts are more than Heaven,  
Yea, because her face is more than God is,  
Among the lilies, in the lily garden.

## SONG OF THE STARS IN PRAISE OF HER

O starry light of the dim universe!  
The night adoreth thee, the planets high  
That reign far off within the desert sky  
Praise thee as with the sound of dulcimers,  
And all the temples of the night rehearse  
Thy solemn glory everlastingly!

O thou for whom the moon's pale-lighted star  
And all the planets and the milky gleam,  
But as a little of thy praising seem,  
And the great lights that swim through heaven afar  
But the reflection of thy glory are;  
Thou only art; these are but shine and dream;

Thou art that light that doth the stars illumine,  
Thou art the glimmer of the moon divine;  
All these are but the garment that is thine;  
Thou art the wonder and the glow, the bloom,  
Thou art the lonely lamp in night's great gloom,  
Thou art the skyey light, the starry shine.



*SONG OF THE STARS IN PRAISE OF HER*

Starlight is but the glory of thy face,  
The shimmer of the silver planets pale  
Is but the dim effulgence of thy veil;  
And the great passing of the nights and days  
Is all but as the perfume of thy praise.  
O Holy, Holy, Holy, hail, O hail!

## AUBADE

The lady awoke before the cold gray dawn,  
And had no joy thereof;  
—What joy is mine of all the joy of love,  
When love is gone?

Lo, all the air is strange unto mine eyes,  
Lo, all the stars are dead;  
Only the moon appeareth overhead  
As one that dies.

Lo, all the garden lieth desolate,  
And very strange to see,  
Wherein, the roses and the grass for me  
Blossom'd of late.

O rose-garden wherein my roses grew,  
O odorous dim ways,  
Why are ye strange to me as perish'd days,  
And cold with dew?

### *AUBADE*

Through the wide window creeps the cold sweet air,  
Faint with sweet rose-perfume,  
It stealeth o'er my body in the gloom,  
And o'er my hair.

Surely I have drunk full of love's delight,  
But now my lips are cold,  
While the pale day in silence doth behold  
The dying night.

## REMEMBER

Remember, ye whom the skies delight,  
Whose faces flame with the falling sun,  
That after sunset cometh the night,  
That sorrow followeth all delight,  
When love, and lover, and lov'd are one.

O ye whose days are as sands that run,  
One house there is unknown of delight,  
One garden is there belov'd of none,  
One place there is unseen of the sun,  
Remember, ye whom the skies delight.

## SONG

She hath liv'd the life of a rose,  
She that was fair,  
Blown on by the summer air,  
Grown tall in a golden close.

An ending is set to delight;  
Now thou art as grass,  
As the leaves, as the blossoms that pass,  
Made pale at the touch of the night.

## SONG

Cometh a day and a night,  
    When the lamps of life burn dim,  
When peace is secur'd for delight,  
    And poppies for the red-rose flower;  
    When the lamps of life burn dim,  
Cometh a day and a night,  
    A day and a night and an hour.

Cometh the end of the years,  
    When the cheeks have the lilies' bloom,  
When slumber is given for tears,  
    And the breasts to the worm belong;  
    When the cheeks have the lilies' bloom,  
Cometh the end of the years,  
    As silence after the song.

Cometh a day and a night  
    For him to whom all is thrown,  
Whose own is the bosom white,  
    Whose own are the lips of gold;  
    For him to whom all is thrown,  
Cometh a day and a night,  
    To have and to own and to hold.

## CONSTANCY

Surely thy face, love, is a little pale,  
And somewhat wan thy lips that were so red,  
And though my kisses might raise up the dead,  
To waken thy deep sleep they naught avail.

Before thy stillness some poor men might quail,  
But I shall not desert thy holy bed,  
Although thy passionate lips have no word said,  
And thine adored breasts are cold like hail.

Thou art gone down to Death, thou art gone down,  
And the dead things shall nestle in thy hair,  
And the dust shall profane thy golden crown,

And the worms shall consume thy perfect face;  
Even so : but Death shall bring thee no disgrace,  
And to the stars I cry, Thou art most fair !

## REQUIEM

White-rose perfume  
Go with thee on thy way  
Unto thy shaded tomb ;  
Low music fall  
Lightly as autumn leaves  
About thy solemn pall ;  
Faint incense rise  
From many a censer swung  
Above thy closed eyes ;  
And the sounds of them that pray  
Make thy low bier an holy thing to be,  
That all the beauty underneath the sun  
Carries unto the clay.

Odour of musk and roses  
Make sweet thy crimson lips  
Whereon my soul hath gone to deep eclipse ;  
Poppies' and violets' scent  
Be for thy burial lent  
And every flower that sweetest smell discloses.



## *REQUIEM*

Upon thy breast,  
Before which all my spirit hath bow'd down,  
White lilies rest;  
And for a crown upon thy mortal head  
Be poppies red.

And for eternal peace  
Be poppies strown upon thy holy eyes,  
Till also these shall cease  
Turning to that which man is when he dies.  
And poppies on thine unassuaged mouth  
Be strown, until death shall be done with thee,  
Until the white worms shall be one with thee.

## AUTUMN BURIAL

The moon shone full that night,  
And fill'd with misty light  
The solemn clouds hung white  
    Above her pall ;  
Waiting the golden dawn  
The silent woods stood wan,  
While through their aisles mov'd on  
    Her funeral.

Palely their torches flare,  
While rob'd in white they bear  
Her corpse that was most fair  
    Of them that die,  
By sleeping forests tall  
And woods funereal  
Through the decaying fall  
    Beneath the sky.

The orb'd moon looks down  
Upon her golden crown,  
From out the forest brown  
    The wood-things stare ;

### *AUTUMN BURIAL*

The holy stars behold  
Her woven hair of gold,  
And slumbering and cold  
Her bosom bare.

The moon shines full o'erhead,  
And they with bowed head  
About her body dead  
In silence stand;  
There where no foot hath trod  
They bury her with sod  
Alone with only God  
In all the land.

Tall forests stand around  
About her grassy mound  
And over all the ground  
Lie shadows hoar.  
She 'neath the passing moon  
Sees not the shadows strewn  
Sunk in her golden swoon  
Forevermore.

## SONNET OF BURIAL

Now that the earth thy buried corpse doth hold,  
Now that thy soul that hath so much desired,  
Is gone down to the places of the tired,  
Far from the dawning and the star-light cold ;

Thine eyes shall not again the sun behold ;  
Now shall thy body that all men hath fired  
Have ceasing, and thy grave shall be admired,  
That doth the fairest thing o' the earth enfold.

Now that thine ashes are all buried,  
And thou art gone to slumber with the blessed,  
Thy buried body shall be no more distressed ;

Being now number'd with the placid dead,  
Thine eyes forever more have ceas'd from weeping,  
Forevermore thy spirit shall have sleeping.

## NOCTURNE

Lo, how the moon, beloved,  
Far in the heavens gleaming,  
Over the ocean dreaming  
Her pallid light doth throw;

Lo, where the endless ocean,  
Where softly the night wind bloweth,  
Into the darkness floweth,  
Thither at last I go.

Listen, how sweet the ocean  
Unto our spirits sigheth,  
And lo, where our pinnacle lieth  
Awaiting, with sails unfurl'd;

Come thou with me, beloved,  
Come thou with heart unquailing,  
There where no ships come sailing,  
Out of the dreary world.

## NOCTURNE

Come thou with me, beloved,  
Out of the world and its seeming,  
Where all things are only dreaming,  
And shadows all we know ;

The heart hath not found its longing  
Here, nor shall find it ever ;  
Behold of my life's endeavour  
Remaineth only woe.

Behold, my desire, my anguish,  
Trouble and toil surpassing,  
Are all but as shadows passing,  
Shadows the fame thereof ;

Here, where the heart attaineth  
Not, what the heart desireth,  
Where beauty too early tireth,  
And kisses mean not love.

Here where what man hath desired,  
He shall not find forever,  
But ever and only ever  
Unending vanity ;

## NOCTURNE

Not in this world, beloved,  
My only longing hideth,  
But in farther lands abideth  
And over a wider sea.

There, when the spring shall blossom,  
There, when the winter is vanisht,  
My spirit that long was banisht  
Shall come to its home, though late ;

There in mine olden kingdom,  
Where nothing is transitory,  
I in exceeding glory  
Shall hold mine ancient state.

Here let us leave our anguish,  
Here at the hour of leaving,  
Leave we our woe and grieving  
Like garments long outworn ;

Leave we our mortal sorrow,  
Our longing and our repenting,  
The anguish and the lamenting  
That made our hearts to mourn.

## NOCTURNE

Others may weep and anguish,  
Others may talk of laughter,  
And ever a little after  
Sorrow is theirs the more;

But we two have done with laughter  
And sadness that hath no reason,  
We two in the springtime season  
Push out from the weary shore.

Past are the storms of winter,  
Past is the rainy weather,  
Past are the snows, together  
With sadness and sorrowing;

Past are the rains, beloved,  
Past is the time of weeping,  
And lo, o'er the green earth sleeping,  
Laugheth the world-wide Spring!

Come thou with me, beloved,  
O let us now be starting!  
All things, at the hour of parting,  
Shall be made new for thee;



## NOCTURNE

Listen, how sweet the ocean  
Unto our spirits calleth;  
Softly the starlight falleth  
Over the dreaming sea.

Fadeth the land, beloved,  
That long hath our spirits tired,  
Before us lies that desired  
Far country, strange and new;

Far off lies that dream'd-of country  
Eternally fair and blessed  
Eternally undistressed,  
Far over the ocean blue.

Knowst thou the land, beloved?  
Year-long with gentle motion  
There the unending ocean  
Batheth the tropic shore;

There never storms blow loudly,  
There never wet rain falleth,  
There never loud wind calleth,  
Nor stormy waters roar.

## NOCTURNE

Fairer the stars that lighten  
There, than to us is given,  
There in a fairer heaven  
Shineth a larger moon ;

Fair stand the castles golden  
There, and o'er stranger flowers  
There through the long long hours  
The wandering breezes swoon.

There in that land, beloved,  
Is never a sound of living,  
Never is heard thanksgiving  
There, nor the noise of moan ;

There naught is heard of sorrow,  
And nothing is there begotten ;  
There, with all life forgotten,  
We two shall come alone.

There, O my one beloved,  
Through twilight never-closing,  
We two shall sit reposing,  
Forever, thou with me ;

*NOCTURNE*

There 'neath the stars eternal,  
We two shall sit, we only,  
While from the heavens, lonely,  
The moon sinks in the sea.



# **The Book of Jade**

## **PART TWO**



## MAD SONNET

Lo, in the night I cry out, in the night,  
God! and my voice shall howl into the sky!  
I am weary of seeing shapeless things that fly,  
And flap into my face in their vile flight;

I am weary of dead things that crowd into my sight,  
I am weary of hearing horrible corpses that cry,  
God! I am weary of that lidless Eye  
That comes and stares at me, O God of light!

All, all the world is become a dead blur,  
God! God! and I, stricken with hideous blight,  
Crouch in the black corners, and I dare not stir.

I am aweary of my evil plight.  
If thou art not a dead corpse in thy sky,  
Send thou down Death into my loathed sty!

## THE HOUSE OF YOUTH

Far in the melancholy hills it stands,  
Far off; and through the vista of the years,  
Down which my soul its helpless journey steers,  
It flames a fire to lighten all the lands,  
A fire that burns me and a flame that brands  
Me, whose dead days pass slow as heavy tears.

The road my footsteps tread is dim and still,  
There darkness abides and silence endlessly,  
And the low way mine eyes can scarcely see;  
And yet the light and sound from that far hill  
Like the sky's fire my weary pathway fill,  
So that it seems a place of life to be.

The world is but a background for it there,  
There where it stands, loud like a beaten lyre,  
And flames blood-red like some vast funeral-pyre,  
Whereat my heart to fail doth not forbear;  
Of all the things that have been made soe'er  
Only the House remains, a quenchless fire.



## *THE HOUSE OF YOUTH*

Ah God, that this thing were not in the world—  
The hateful House that flames with light and song  
And weary singing all the ages long;  
Ah that ev'n this might in the dust be hurl'd,  
And crush'd and slain, even as my heart, where curl'd  
The kindly armies of the worm do throng.

Yea, surely I have seen it long ago,  
Far sunken in the weary dust of time;  
Yea surely even that stair so hard to climb  
I climb'd, and strode its hallways to and fro;  
The which were bright with many lamps aglow,  
And loud with choristers in ceaseless chime.

## DE PROFUNDIS

Out of the grave, O God, I call to thee,  
Be thou not deaf unto my dolorous cry;  
My soul is fallen down into the sty,  
And the dead things are crawling over me;  
O thou my God, give me the worm to flee,  
Out from the pit's depths I would rise on high.

Again am I fallen down into the grave,  
My soul is sunken in the place of slime,  
I am too weak its loathed walls to climb,  
Thou, only thou, O God, art strong to save;  
Lo, in mine eyes the worms have made their cave,  
And squatting toads oppress me all the time.

Yea, from this pit I have crawl'd out before;  
With groans and cries and many a dolorous fall,  
I have climbed up its impregnable wall;  
I shall not rise now from its slimy floor;  
O God, hear thou my lamentable call,  
Or from the grave I come not evermore.

*DE PROFUNDIS*

I am become a housing for the toad;  
All things are fled wherein I took delight;  
There is no joy here, and there is no light;  
O God, O God, I have reap'd what I sow'd;  
I am become a dead thing in the night,  
And in my heart the worms have their abode.

Lo, from my body all my might is fled,  
And all the light is gone out of mine eyes;  
Mine ears hear only lamentable cries,  
And eyeless things stand round about my head;  
I am made as a man that slowly dies;  
I am made as a man already dead.

## PRAYER

### IN TIME OF PLAGUE

Holy Pestilence, holy Pestilence, gird thee with might,  
Holy Pestilence, come thou upon them, come thou at  
night,

Holy Pestilence, put on thy mantle, put on thy crown,  
Holy Pestilence, come on the cities, come and strike  
down,

Holy Pestilence, let them all perish, touch'd with thy  
breath,

Holy Pestilence, let them grow rotten, moulding in death,  
Holy Pestilence, put on thy garments, a crown on thy  
head,

Holy Pestilence, let all the nations fall at thy tread,  
Holy Pestilence, let them all perish, let them be dead.

Holy Pestilence, then shall the cities sink with thy might,  
Holy Pestilence, they shall lie desert, plague-struck at  
night,

Holy Pestilence, then shall the rulers, crown'd with a  
crown,

*PRAYER*

Holy Pestilence, feeling them stricken, reel and fall down,

Holy Pestilence, then shall the nations faint with thy  
breath,

Holy Pestilence, then shall the valleys be cover'd with  
death,

Holy Pestilence, peasant with ruler, body with head,

Holy Pestilence, all shall be stricken under thy tread,

Holy Pestilence, all shall be rotten, all shall be dead.

## SESTETTES

### I

Thou shalt rejoice for woe:  
The pallid goblet old,  
That holds thy life's dull wine,  
Is made thereby divine;  
Stain'd with a purpler glow,  
And wrought in stranger gold.

### II

From the suck'd lees of pain,  
We have won joy again:  
Death shall thee not distress:  
That sleepy bitterness  
To thy kist lips shall be  
The supreme exstasy.

### III

Put ashes on your golden body bare,  
Puissant as musk, bitter-sweet as to die,  
Ashes upon your arms that grow not old,  
And on your unassuaged lips of gold:  
So we will wanton in love's sepulchre,  
And mock the face of Death with blasphemy.

## SESTETTES

### IV

I love you more than Death: your mournful head,  
Your shrouding hair, and your unfathom'd eyes,  
And your white body beautiful, alas,  
Priestess and victim in love's holy mass. . .  
Your flesh that loves, and loving ever dies. . .  
I could not love you more if you were dead.

### V

Death is death; the little host that squirms,  
The smell, the dark, the coffin clos'd, and I  
So soft, so soft; no movement, and no breath;  
No ears, no nose, no eyeballs; Death is Death;  
The sepulchre, no sight, no sound, no cry,  
And always; Death is Death; the worms! the worms!

### VI

Not for your evil is my spirit sad—  
I mourn because you are not really bad;  
Because your beauty's perfect cruelty  
Is ever marr'd with pity and distress,  
And you still show within your wickedness  
The poor stale weakness of humanity.

### VII

I am as one that thirsteth for all things,  
As one that holdeth to his lips the cup,

## SESTETTES

With lower'd eyes searching the wine's dull flame.  
No thing may I refuse among all things,  
Till, having drain'd unto its dregs the cup,  
I may return into the astral flame.

### VIII

Heart, we have wholly drain'd the cup of sadness,  
And found in sadness no reality;  
Now from the night of sadness let us go.  
Henceforward let us drain the cup of gladness,  
And find in gladness no reality;  
From sadness then and gladness let us go.



## SONNET OF THE INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH

Adorned daggers, ruby-hilted swords;  
Huge mortal serpents in gold volumes roll'd;  
All-holy poisons in wrought cups of gold;  
Unfailing crucifixes of strong cords;

Mortal baptismal waters without fords,  
Wherein lie death's communicants untold—  
Which of these instruments blessed and old,  
Is meetest for life's purple-robed lords?

Ye that commune in death's ciborium,  
Of all the vessels in his sacristy  
Which will ye choose to make of you a clod—

Sharp swords, bright lightnings, orient opium?—  
All these, brave souls, are of one sanctity;  
All ways are good whereby ye pass to God.

## TRUTH

It is not that I have not sought thy face  
Ceaselessly through the world's eternal lie,  
More than all things and throughout every place,  
Which having seen I were content to die.

But I have sought thee and I have not found;  
Wherefore my soul is banish'd from delight,  
And sitteth joyless as a madman bound  
Seeing vain visions in the loathed night.

I know not even that I do not know,  
But all things waver before me to and fro;  
As one half head that would be dead I lie.

And thou, Death, if thy face be really fair,  
I know not, or but renewal of vanity;  
Wherefore mine eyes have seen the last despair.

## HEGEL

Because my hope is dead, my heart a stone,  
I read the words that Hegel once did write—  
An idiot gibbering in the dark alone—  
Till on my heart and vision fell the night.

## MONOTONY

A dead corpse full of wormy questionings,  
Beneath the open sky my soul lies dead,  
Shameless and rotten and unburied,  
For whom eternity no difference brings.

Only the wind my loathed incense flings  
Afar afar ; only above my head  
Day passes, night returns when day is fled,  
Unchangeable return of changeless things.

Unto the dead all things bring only pain,  
And evermore my perish'd heart is woe  
For the vile worms that gnaw it lying low ;

While the dead days, like to an endless chain,  
Pass ever o'er my body cruelly slow,  
And evermore with pain return again.

## SEPULTURE

My heart is but a tomb, where vain and cold  
My dead hopes lie: encoffin'd there my Pride  
Lies dead, and my Life's Gladness crucified,  
And there my Morning Joy long turn'd to mould;

And there like once-lov'd corpses dead and old  
My Victory that long long since hath died,  
And all my Hopes lie shrouded side by side,  
For whom no eyes have wept, no dirges toll'd.

And there insensate on the darken'd floor  
Despair a maniac still doth howl and scream,  
Among all these long dead alive alone;

Among these things I sit upon a throne,  
In endless contemplation evermore;  
Nor these suffice to break my iron dream.

## MISERRIMUS

In the last hopeless depth of hell's dark tomb  
Wherein I sit for aye with bowed head  
In anguish and great sorrow buried  
Where never sun the blackness doth illume,

I saw pass by me through the bitter gloom  
All them whom life with deepest grief hath fed,  
Whom also here among the hopeless dead  
Through hell pursueth maniac, gnashing doom.

Me there forever crusht to hopeless stone  
They passt by, all the damn'd; they shall not know  
Through all eternity but only woe,  
Now hear no sound but sound of them that groan.

And unto me that sat than these more low,  
These seem'd like happy gods that heaven own;  
They past away; and there in hell alone  
My heart took up again its ancient woe.

## SCORN

Dead am I, and ye triumph o'er me dead,  
Ye that within mine eyes have found your home,  
Ye that are soft and blind and white like foam,  
Ye that have made of me your meat and bread.

Unto the worms I am abandoned;  
Over my flesh their loathed cohorts roam;  
Upon my heart whereto their hosts have clomb  
Their hungry lips shall evermore be fed.

Here am I but a dead corpse in a tomb;  
I shall not out from my accurs'd abode,  
Inhabited by the dull worm and the toad;

Ye vile sojourners in my rotten room,  
Torment me with your everlasting goad!  
I scorn you till the end shall come of doom.

## THE GRAVE

The loathed worms are crawling over me  
All the dead hours; about my buried head  
Their soft intolerable mouths are gathered,  
And in my dead eyes that have ceas'd to see.  
I am full of worms and rotten utterly,  
Dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead,  
dead.

The lifeless earth lies close against mine eyes;  
I know that I have rotted long ago;  
My limbs are made one with the worms I know  
Where all my head and body putrifies.  
So in the earth my coffin'd ordure lies  
Within my loathed shambles strait and low.

There is no thing now where my face hath been,  
And all my flesh lies soft upon the floor;  
Unto my heart the worms have found a door,  
And all my body is to the worms akin;  
They long time since their feasting did begin,  
And they shall part not from me evermore.



### *THE GRAVE*

Here lie I stretch'd out through the rotting years,  
And I am surely weary of the grave,  
And I have sometimes thought that I might rave,  
And my two perish'd eyes almost shed tears.  
There is no one that sees and none that hears;  
I shall not out from my corrupted cave.

Here now forever with the lustful worms  
I lie within my putrid sunken sty,  
And through eternity my soul shall die.  
O thou toward whom all my dead spirit squirms!  
Forevermore I love thee through all terms  
Until the dead stars rot in the black sky.

## MUMMY

Thou art at last made perfect; from the estate  
Of mushy life Death hath thee petrified.  
The soft the flowing and the putrified  
That made thee up, is by that artist great

Now crystalliz'd unto a changeless state.  
That thing thou walkedst, nos'd and ear'd and eyed,  
Eternally severely doth abide,  
Sunk from the bands of them that drank and ate.

Green mummies walk above thy walled gloom,  
Unripen'd mummies; they intemperate  
Seek in life's beauty their high-crowned doom

In vain. But thee no passion doth illumine  
Stiff in the musked darkness of the tomb  
Hard in stiff bands of red and nacarat.

## SEPULCHRAL LIFE

Lo, all the world as some vast corpse long dead,  
Fadeth and perisheth and doth decay,  
Even as a corpse, in whose unhonor'd clay  
The worms have long the inmost secrets read;

Even as a corpse, upon whose lowly head  
The sun beats, and the holy rain doth play;  
Even as a corpse, whereof the people say,  
—We would that these dead bones were buried.

Even so: and in the earth's vast sepulchre  
Our fainting souls their doubtful footsteps bear,  
Dreaming of that which no dead men may see;

And in our passage to the second death,  
We whisper strange names with our pesty breath,  
Of Love, and Honour, and great Victory.

## CORPSE

A dead corpse crowned with a crown of gold  
Sits thron'd beneath the sky's gigantic pall;  
Gold garments from its rotted shoulders fall,  
And regal purple robes funereal.

Before its face a vast processional  
Goes by with offerings for its great knees cold;  
Its soft hand doth a golden sceptre hold;  
And in its flesh lie sleeping worms uproll'd.

They that pass ceaseless by see not at all;  
They know not that beneath its garments' fold  
Is but a corpse, rotted, and dead, and tall.

He is accurst that sees it dead and old;  
He is accurst that sees: the white worms call  
For him: for him have funeral dirges toll'd.

## MANKIND

They do not know that they are wholly dead,  
Nor that their bodies are to the worm given o'er;  
They pass beneath the sky forevermore;  
With their dead flesh the earth is cumbered.

Each day they drink of wine and eat of bread,  
And do the things that they have done before;  
And yet their hearts are rotten to the core,  
And from their eyes the light of life is fled.

Surely the sun is weary of their breath;  
They have no ears, and they are dumb and blind;  
Long time their bodies hunger for the grave.

How long, O God, shall these dead corpses rave?  
When shall the earth be clean of humankind?  
When shall the sky cease to behold this death?

## THE DEFILERS

O endless idiocy of humankind!  
O blatant dead that howl and scream and roar!  
O strange dead things the worms have gambled for!  
O dull and senseless, foolish, mad and blind!

How long now shall your scent defile the wind?  
How long shall you make vile the earth's wide floor?  
How long, how long, O waiting ages hoar,  
Shall the white dawn their gaping faces find?

O vile and simple, blind of heart and mind,  
When shall your last wave roll forevermore  
Back from the sick and long-defiled shore?

When shall the grave the last dead carcass bind?  
O shameless humankind! O dead! O dead!  
When shall your rottenness be buried?

## THE GROTESQUES

### I

I saw a dead corpse lying in a tomb,  
Long buried and rotten to the core;  
Behold this corpse shall know not evermore  
Aught that may be outside its wormy room;

It lies uncover'd in the pesty gloom,  
Eyeless and earless, on the charnel-floor,  
While in its nameless corpse the wormlets hoar  
Make in its suppurated brain their room.

And in that charnel that no lights illume,  
It shriek'd of things that lay outside its door;  
And while the still worms through its soft heart bore,

It lay and reason'd of the ways of doom,  
And in its head thoughts mov'd as in a womb;  
And in its heart the worms lie evermore.

## THE GROTESQUES

### II

I saw a dead corpse in a haughty car,  
Whom in a high tomb phantom horses bore,  
Aye to and fro upon the scatter'd floor;  
His dead eyes star'd as though they look'd afar,

His gold wheels myriad perish'd souls did mar,  
While through his flesh the ravenous wormlets tore;  
He in whose eyes the worm was conqueror,  
Held his high head unmoved like a star.

And as with loud sound and reverberant jar,  
And as with splash of crusht flesh and dull roar,  
The death-car thunder'd past the tomb-walls hoar,

Within those dead dominions the dead tsar  
Receiv'd his plaudits where dead bodies are;  
And in his heart the worms lie evermore.

### III

I saw a dead corpse making a strange cry,  
With dead feet planted on a high tomb's floor;  
The dead stand round, with faces that implore;  
His dead hands bless them, stretched forth on high.



## THE GROTESQUES

—And art thou God?—and art thou majesty?—  
And art thou he whom all the dead adore?—  
And art thou he that hath the skies in store?—  
Nay, nay, dead dust, dead dust, and vanity.

And wouldst thou rise up to the lighted sky?—  
Nay, nay, thy limbs are rotten on the floor;  
Thou shalt not out from thy polluted sty;

Thou wouldst become divinity once more,  
Thou dreamest of splendour that shall never die;  
And in thy heart the worms lie evermore.

### IV

I saw a dead corpse lying on the floor  
Of a tomb; worms were in its woman's head,  
Its black flesh lay about it shred on shred,  
And the dead things slept in its bosom hoar.

And evermore inside that loathed door,  
It turn'd itself as one upon a bed,  
It turn'd itself as one whom sleep hath fled,  
As one that the sweet pangs of passion bore.

*THE GROTESQUES*

And from its passionate mouth's corrupted sore,  
And from its lips that are no longer red,  
Came forth love's accents; and it spake, and said.

—The Pleiades and night's noon-hours are o'er,  
And I am left alone in wearyhead.  
And in its heart the worms lie evermore.

## DEAD DIALOGUE

1st Corpse. I would now that the sweet light of the  
sun

Might once again shine down upon my  
face;

So weary am I of my rottenness.

2nd Corpse. Rejoice that now at least thou art done  
with life;

This thing shall nevermore return.

1st Corpse. At last

My body is aweary of the tomb;

It is a hundred years since in the grave

I have lain down between four narrow  
walls,

Shut up with putrid darkness and the  
worm.

There is no flesh upon my body now,

That was so long a-rotting; on my shelf

Here am I now nothing but stinking bones,

That have had life beneath the face of the  
sun.

DEAD DIALOGUE

- 3rd Corpse. *I am not yet utterly putrified,  
And the worms yet within my flesh abound ;  
I do repent me that I did not learn  
What life was, while I liv'd beneath the  
          sun—  
At least then I might think of what I had  
          done ;  
But I am rotten, and I have not liv'd.*
- 1st Corpse. *I would that I might leave this place of  
          ordure  
And look once more upon the face of the  
          world,  
Where the sun is.*
- 2nd Corpse. *O foolish ragged-bones,  
Wouldst thou show forth thy dripping ex-  
          crements,  
And shredded rottenness to the face of  
          day?—  
Stink and be still, and leave us here in  
          peace.*
- 1st Corpse. *Envy me not, O stench, slop-face, dung-  
          eyes ;  
My bones are clean and dry as the tomb's  
          walls,  
'And stink not ; as for thee, thou art a sink.*

*DEAD DIALOGUE*

- 2nd Corpse. Envy me not, thou, that I am so sweet  
The black worms love me; hungry were  
that worm  
That on thee preys.
- 4th Corpse. Be silent, both ye dead and rotten things;  
Lo I, that was unburied yesterday,  
Am fair and smooth and firm, and almost  
sweet;  
If that I were not dead, one might me love.
- 3rd Corpse. Is it so sweet a thing, this love, this love?
- 2nd Corpse. Thy lips are green for kissing, and streaks  
of black  
Streak over thee where the worms have  
not yet been!
- 4th Corpse. Ha, ha, I know wherefore thou speakest so:  
Because thy torture is too great for thee,  
And the worms' gnawing, and thy body's  
rottenness,  
And the rottenness in thy bones and in thy  
brain!
- 1st Corpse. O beautiful, O dead, O spit upon,  
He speaketh well that is but lately dead;  
Thy flesh lies all along thee like green  
slime,  
O pudding gravied in thine own dead  
sauce!

DEAD DIALOGUE

- 2nd Corpse. Rotten one!  
1st Corpse. Dung-heap!  
2nd Corpse. Dead one!  
1st Corpse. Beast! beast! beast!  
*Therefore* perhaps, thou art so early dead?  
2nd Corpse. They say that those thou lovedst were not  
men,  
O goat-face— Shall I say what was thy  
death?  
4th Corpse. Come, come, my brothers, be not so slan-  
derous;  
We have all been the same upon the earth.  
3rd Corpse. Thou sayest true, new brother.  
1st Corpse. Thou sayest true.  
2nd Corpse. I shall not suffer anything any more;  
(Aside.) I have left all that; I am evermore re-  
leas'd;  
I shall not struggle and suffer any more;  
This seemeth strange and very sweet to  
me;  
And I shall grow accustom'd to the worms.  
5th Corpse. Rejoice not thou, that thou art fallen  
Into a pit where people leave their dung;  
There is no reason here for any joy.

*DEAD DIALOGUE*

Sepulchre. Be silent, now, ye spindle-shankèd dead!  
Ye will learn to be silent when y'are here  
For a long time; ye always spout and roar,  
At first, before the time of rottenness;  
But so I suppose it must be,—y'are not the  
first,  
And ye shall not be the last; so fast i' the  
world,  
So eagerly they are begotten, and they  
die,  
And they are begotten again; just for this  
end  
Hideously propagated evermore.

A Voice above  
singing. Golden is the sunlight,  
When the daylight closes,  
Golden blow the roses  
Ere the spring is old;  
All thy hair is golden,  
Falling long and lowly  
Round thy bosom holy;  
And thy heart is of fine gold!

## FRAGMENTS

### I

And since I understood not what so strong  
    Driveth all these at such exstatic pace,  
    I too went down and joined in the throng;  
And many sitting in a lowly place  
    I saw, where sense and vision darkness clogs,  
    With one flat-breasted wife with munched face  
And bestial litter as of rats or hogs;  
    These are all they that eat and multiply  
    In the same manner with low apes and dogs;  
Like these they live and like these they shall die.  
    —Pass thou from these, said then to me that voice,  
    And heed not thou the stinking of that sty.  
Then saw I them that did with wine rejoice,  
    Crowning their heads with roses of the earth;  
    I too sat down and joined in that noise,  
But ask'd me soon—Why do all these have mirth?  
    From these I past, weary of myrrh and wine.  
    Others apart whose spirits had more dearth  
Sat solitary as who would fain divine,



## FRAGMENTS

Of seeing and of hearing ill content;  
With these I sat, half drunken with the vine,  
And sick of visions that aye came and went;  
But all the knowledge that their striving found  
Was but one vision more than wine had sent;  
All these also shall moulder in the ground.  
From these I past as from dead flesh and bones.  
Then came I where the kings of earth sat crown'd  
Neath purple canopies on golden thrones;  
These offer'd me part in that changeless state,  
Until my soul wearied of brass and brônze.  
Others whose sweating nothing could abate  
Kingdoms and cities build and overthrow,  
Till my soul wonder'd at the striving great  
Of all the puppets in that puppet-show:  
—Doth the string move them with such urgency,  
That all their limbs such strange grimaces show?  
—These are all they that do, one made reply;  
In all their actions never could I find  
What they were doing these things for nor why.  
From these I past as from the deaf and blind,  
And ever as I went the solemn brawl  
Of all these mad and idiot howl'd behind.  
I came to those that ceased not to call  
The world unto them, shouting o'er and o'er;

## FRAGMENTS

My heart knew not why these so loudly bawl;  
And some stood round with faces that implore,  
Asking for peace; and ever those that gave  
Did but like these delude themselves the more;  
But rottenness shall stop all these that rave.  
Last, some there were that did with vanity  
Toil ever with unwearied hands to save  
And to eternize all things great and high;  
With these I stay'd, till my heart questioned:  
—What are the things thou doëst here and why?  
Whereat all these became as persons dead.  
Then I arose from among these the last,  
And follow'd then where'er my footsteps led;  
And among them that reigned then I past,  
And among them that ever fain would know,  
And among them whose lot with wine was cast;  
I past the prophets and the puppet-show,  
And among them that joy'd in marble and in song,  
And all that Seven tir'd of long ago.  
And is this all the meaning of that throng,  
This all, O heart, that wast of seeing fain,  
But like a circle that still seemeth long  
Because it goeth round and round again?  
Not in all these doth any reason hide  
No more than in the words of the insane.

## FRAGMENTS

There is no ground for sorrow ; nor in pride  
For pride ; nor in them that in gladness sate ;  
Wherefore with none of these shall I abide.  
The sought is vanity ; the seeking great  
Vanity ; the not-seeking vanity ;  
For none of these change I my solemn state.

## II

Then since no one could answer unto me  
The question, and since no one could me tell  
The wherefore of this endless Vanity  
Of all the spirits that on earth did dwell,  
I said—I go unto the Absolute ;  
He will perchance release me from this hell.  
Him that made noisy what before was mute  
I found upon a heap of filthy dung  
Low-sitting in the fashion of the brute.  
In strange grimaces still his face he wrung,  
Up to the chin within that filth immerst,  
Which still his busy hands about him flung.  
—Do thou those clothes wherein he is inhearst  
Take off, said I to one, and do not shirk.  
He did, while still that being howl'd and curst.

## III

## FRAGMENTS

For there so thick and muddy was the murk,  
And he still bore of clothes so thick a weight,  
I knew not well what thing therein did lurk.  
Three coverings then that one removed straight—  
Omniscience, Omnipresence, Omnipotence,  
From off the thing that in the ordure sate.  
Then did his truth show clear to every sense,  
A filthy idiot so foul and low,  
That decency the perfect tale prevents.  
And I—O thou whose nakedness doth show  
Like one not in the womb to fulness brought,  
Why are all things that are; if thou dost know?  
Then he replied from out the ordure hot:  
—Brahma, great Brahma, Everlasting, I!  
And I—Not such reply my question sought.  
Answer thou me! And he still made reply:  
—Brahma, great Brahma! repetition vain.  
I asked again: and—Brahma! he did cry.  
Then one thereby to me—Why art thou fain  
Knowledge to have from It? It knows not, It;  
Why seek for truth among the low insane?  
Then he that did within the ordure sit  
Out of the filth that lay about his feet  
Such things as children make with little wit  
Made, and then broke, and did the act repeat.

## FRAGMENTS

—I have made all the worlds, he gibbered ;  
And I his labour with these words did greet.  
—Why dost thou these things? why, O why? I said.  
No word vouchsaf'd the mouth of him that stank,  
But giggling sounds and idiot uttered.  
Then seated in that place of ordure rank,  
With his two lips he made a cackling sound,  
And back within the friendly ordure sank.  
Then I with a great sad and awful voice  
Cried out—O thou that rottest in this sty,  
O thou whose soul in ordure doth rejoice,  
What art thou doing these things for and why?  
Then one to me—His bliss is not to know  
The infiniteness of his own Vanity;  
Therefore the soul of him that stinketh so,  
Because his sense is blind and deaf and mad  
Forever, knoweth not eternal woe.  
Lo from the first his soul no reason had ;  
He thinketh he himself is everything,  
And nothing is but him! He is not sad.  
Ignorance, ignorance, shrouds him like a pall ;  
Therefore thus low upon the fetid floor  
He sits, and knoweth naught outside his stall.  
And I—He maketh naught outside his store.  
Why doth he this? and in this fetid tomb

### FRAGMENTS

Sitteth he here in madness evermore?  
How long shall iron, awful, gnashing doom  
Leave him thus naked old and idiot  
Blind deaf and stinking, in the loathed gloom?  
How long shall This within the ordure squat?  
How long shall This cease not to beck and nod?  
How long shall This cease not to rot and rot?  
And he—This rottenness that seemeth God  
More woe than this nor any other mode  
Shall know not, till It ceaseth in the sod.  
And as a gnat, a viper, or a toad,  
Because its nature is not infinite,  
It too shall perish in the worm's abode;  
Till then It suppurateth in the night.

### III

Then from the world I turn'd my steps afar;  
I came there where the holy Trinity  
And all the blessed saints in glory are,  
And did the beatific vision see,  
And how those happy are that once did mourn;  
But my heart said—All this is naught to me;  
Nor knew I why all these should be reborn.

## FRAGMENTS

Where moon-fac'd houris wanton arms do fling  
Round Mahmud's blessed, I past by in scorn,  
For my heart dream'd a deeper revelling.  
Then came I to that banquet more divine  
That Jayadeva and that Jami sing;  
And the fair goblet fill'd full of the wine  
Brought the cup-bearer clad with wantonness;  
And there with the beloved and the vine  
My heart grew weary of that blessedness.  
From life I past, finding no joy therein,  
The vision and the vine and drunkenness  
Still like a circle ever closing in.  
Then I departed to the final peace,  
Sick of what is and shall be and hath been,  
Of Brahma, as the drop sinks in the seas:  
I past out from the bonds of thee-and-me,  
Lost in that Infinite whose being is  
Glory in all things and reality;  
But therein I that was not I, alas  
In that deliverance from me-and-thee  
Where all illusion fadeth like to grass,  
Found naught that equal'd my undimm'd desire;  
—If that reality then real was,  
What is that real more than trodden mire?  
Then from all being did my spirit pass,

## FRAGMENTS

Sick of all being whether low or higher.  
Out of that circle unto nothingness  
I came, unto Nirvana, the far goal  
Of many a holy saint, where visions cease;  
But nothingness did not my heart console.  
Ah not in nothingness is any peace,  
Nor in peace any peace, nor in the whole,  
Nor in the vine nor in the vision, nor  
In being nor non-being, nor in all  
That man hath dream'd of and hath anguisht for.  
Nay not in joy nor the vine jovial,  
Nor in the perfume of the lov'd one's breath,  
Nay nor in anything anywhere at all;  
Nor in illusion; nor what sundereth  
Illusion; in the sundering of that chain  
There is no joy; and not alas in death  
Find I that thing whereof my soul is fain.  
All these things also are all vanity  
No less than sun and stars that wax and wane  
Forever in the everlasting sky.



## ENVOI

### AT THE END OF THE CENTURY

Now I am come to the nadir at last, to the absolute  
sorrow,

Now all the stars are gone out of my sky;  
Night everlasting is mine without hope or desire of the  
morrow,

All my life's hopes are gone tombwards to die.  
All my life's glories lie perisht around me; and lo with  
great laughing

Laugh I out loud, and I care not at all;  
Here with mine Anguish, my Sorrow, my Madness,  
my Grief, I sit quaffing

Wine, in high state in my echoing hall.  
This is the last night I drink with you, maniac wassailers  
dreary!

Lift up your goblets and drink ere I go!  
Lo, I am easily bor'd, I am easily tired and made weary;

AT THE END OF THE CENTURY

Now at the last I am weary of Woe.

Lo, I that walk in the flower crown'd season of youth-  
fulness golden,

Think ye that all things my gladness can slay?

Sorrow is fitting for dotards and them that are loath-  
some and olden;

I am as one that goes ever away.

Lo, I laugh out at Grief, lo, I laugh in unending rejoic-  
ing,

I that have nightshade entwin'd in my hair;

Heart of me, what dost thou here in the wearisome dark-  
ness, revoicing

Yesterday's stale and forgotten despair?

Now it is midnight; but soon shall the wakening glory  
of morning

Shine in the East, when the darkness is gone;

Now in my spirit that sat for a time in the darkness of  
mourning

Waketh in gladness the mystical dawn.

New spring laugheth without—to thy heart it is call-  
ing! and o'er thee

Soon shall the banners of dawn be unfurl'd;

Wait thou no longer, O heart, O heart that art strong,  
for before thee

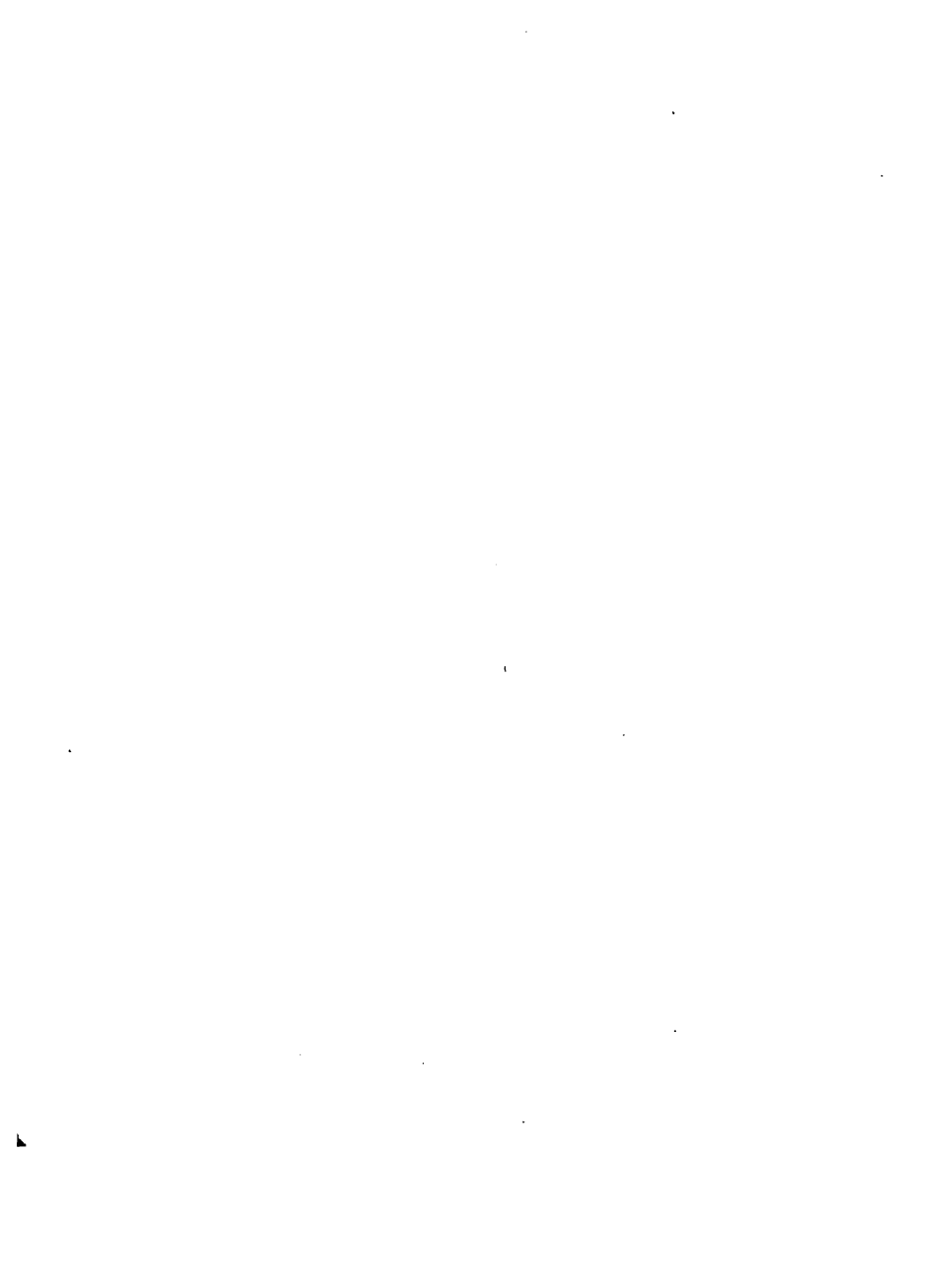
Lieth the pomp of the great high world!

*AT THE END OF THE CENTURY*

Now it is midnight; my Anguish, my Mourning, my  
Sadness, my Sorrow,  
Crown you with nightshade, and once more with me  
Drink and make merry; farewell! I am here with you  
now; on the morrow  
Sail I over the mighty sea.



## Postlude



## SONG OF INDIA

Now at the last, Zulaikha, all my sorrows olden  
Are farther off than Europe or than China seem,  
And like an idle dream  
The North is faded far off in the distance golden;  
And here with thee I sit in perfect peace enfolden  
Beside the Ganges-stream.

Full well I knew that ne'er those northern promontories  
Could give to me the dream that did my soul desire;  
For there my heart did tire;  
For always me allur'd the strangely whisper'd stories  
Of skies that burn with more consuming languid glories,  
And suns of mightier fire.

I dream'd of heavier suns than burn in skies of ours,  
And heavier airs that through the long long evening  
    swoon  
Under a larger moon,  
And heavier-scented gardens fill'd with stranger flowers,  
And tropic palms that wave through all the long long  
    hours  
Of endless afternoon.

## SONG OF INDIA

At last now from that northern dream am I awoken,  
At last I am come home over the watery main;  
Long long I sigh'd in vain;  
Now under tropic palms I lie in peace unbroken,  
And mine own land I see, beloved, and hear spoken  
My natal tongue again.

Zulaikha, past is all the longing and endeavour;  
The palm-trees sleep, and sleeping move not any leaf;  
Perisht is woe and grief;  
Stilly the padmas float upon the holy river;  
Among all these we two with languid eyes forever  
Lie sunk in endless kief.

Before us riseth white our marble-builde palace;  
Thou hast let fall from out thy hands that weary are  
The volume of Attár.  
Thy hand hath spill'd the wine within the silver chalice;  
Upon the river winding through the distant valleys  
Sleepeth the nénufar.

From out the oleanders languid slumber steepeth,  
And thou, Zulaihka, dost, in rest too deep for dream,  
Like one enchanted seem;  
Thy beauty now in waking slumber sunken sleepeth,



## SONG OF INDIA

And dreaming past thy wholly closèd eyelids creepeth  
The sleepy-flowing stream.

Thou hast the light of Asia in thy face divinest,  
And in thy scented mouth and in thy lotus-eyes,  
O wine of Paradise!  
O moon-fac'd love that by the sacred stream reclinest,  
Hath this world anything for which in vain thou pinest?  
That thing shall be thy prize.

The caravans that in the desert, heavy-laden,  
By unknown oases pitch their sun-blacken'd tents,  
Shall bring thee all sweet scents  
Wherein delight in heaven the houris ever-maiden—  
Patchouli, nard, and myrrh, from many a distant aden  
Of heavenly indolence.

All kinds of gems wherefore thine almond eyes have  
yearning,  
In heaps, wherein to bathe thy beauties languorous,  
O maiden amorous,  
They shall bring home to thee from distant isles return-  
ing—  
Pearl, sapphire, diamond, topaz, and ruby burning,  
And opal luminous.

## SONG OF INDIA

Thou art that sweet whereof all poets dead have chaunted,  
Therefore my soul hath sought thy face o'er pathless seas,  
Here to have endless peace;  
Thou art the garden of delight with slumber haunted,  
Thy perfume maketh dream of desert lands enchanted,  
And far-off oases.

Thou hast that beauty in thine all-consuming glances  
That openeth the ways to far enchanted skies,  
And in thy lotus-eyes  
Thou hast the light that shineth in the countenances  
Of them whose eyes have seen the glory which entrances  
The blest of Paradise.

Thou art all sweets that unto perfect joy devote us,  
In thee all spices and all scents together come,  
O lute that now art dumb!  
Thou art musk, frankincense, amomum, stephanotis,  
Thou art the fragrant wine, the paradisal lotus,  
Thou art the opium.

Hashsheesh nor opium are worth not thy caresses,  
Sweeter than opium to still the spirit's drouth  
Thine unassuaged mouth;  
Him that hath known thy love no mortal grief distresses;

## SONG OF INDIA

Sweeter thy kisses are than incense which oppresses  
The breezes of the South. . .

At last I am come home, come home; and all regretting  
Is with the North afar from thee and me away.  
Behold O love, the day  
Is past, in Indian skies the holy sun is setting;  
The mûzin from his tower calleth unforgetting,  
The faithful ones to pray.

Under the velvet night wide Indiä reposes  
Now in the scented dark the champak odours swoon;  
Slowly the summer moon  
Riseth into the azure night made drunk with roses;  
And lo the camel-bells, now that the daylight closes,  
Tinkle their quiet tune.

Behold, O well-beloved, 'neath the moonlight gleaming  
The travellers depart from out the sleeping khan,  
O perfume Asiän!  
And past the moonlit palace, where we two lie dreaming,  
With camels and with horsemen like to shadows seeming  
Departs the caravan.

*SONG OF INDIA*

It is the starting hour, O most melancholy!  
In long procession underneath the moon's pale gleams,  
Like something that but seems,  
The caravan departeth to the desert slowly,  
There far afar to seek through endless time the holy  
Mirages of their dreams.